THE BRIDGE OF LIONS

A Wang Foo Story by Sydney C. Partridge

THE house-boat party which Consul and Mrs. Holloway had so thoughtfully arranged for their American friends visiting Shanghai was, from every point of view, a complete success. The large and commodious craft, which the firm of Barlow & Co. had placed at their disposal, and which bore the significant name of "Foo Sing" or "Lucky Star," was in reality little less than a floating hotel. Everything was provided in the way of American comforts and the junk-tender which followed them had corresponding Chinese accommodations for the cook, boys, coolies and other faithful attendants. The one tall mast carried a great square sail, which could be easily swung from side to side to accommodate the constant curves in the river, and which differed only from those on the native boats about it by the fact that it was made of canvas and not of matting. When the breeze died entirely out the two great "yulows" or sculling oars would be swung over the stern, and the boatman's family—six persons in all—would take firm hold of them and, bending and swinging to the rhythm of an ancient melody, would keep up a very respectable speed.

The party, which consisted of six guests in addition to the consul and his ever-popular wife, was made up of Mr. and Mrs. William Weatherby, prominent residents of Providence, R. I., and their son George, who, having just added to his literary luggage a diploma from the Boston School of Technology, was deeply interested in the subject of copper mining in the orient, and had induced his devoted parents to take him on this trip around the world and thus give him an opportunity for observation and study at first hand.

Now, the Weatherbys being not only very loyal and devout supporters of the leading church in their city, but intimate personal friends of the pastor, had decided that the Rev. Dr. Marcus Robinson was entitled to a vacation and rest (after eight long years of faithful service) and so had invited him and Mrs. Robinson and their daughter, Miss Alice, to accompany them on a twelve-month tour around the globe. They had stopped over a fortnight in Honolulu, had done the cherry-blossom season in Japan, and now were having their first delightful experience of house-boat life in Chinese waters, on their way to Hangchow and the Grand canal after an interesting two days' stop in the great provincial capital of Soochow.

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SIX different travelers, of six different ages, and viewing things from all varieties of standpoints, naturally gave expression to six different tastes. Of course, that is only what might have been expected and one could have jotted them down very easily from the six different remarks that floated out upon the quiet waters of the little lake, where the boatmen were looking for a safe and easy anchorage.

"How wonderful the hold which these ancient Confucian ethics seem to have upon the native mind!" remarked the Rev. Dr. Robinson. "What a depth of learning and teaching!"

"Well, they may have a terrible hold upon them, as you say, doctor, but there's one thing that they've never taught them yet, and that's how to roll a good cigar!" replied Mr. Weatherby as the one which he was attempting to light began to crumple up in his hand.

"How touching to hear those sweet little Chinese girls at the mission sing 'I Want to Be an Angel,' wasn't it?" asked the reverend pastor's wife of Mrs. Weatherby.

"Yes, indeed," she replied, "but it wasn't half as 'touching' to me as that outrageous price which the curio dealer asked for those little bronze Buddhas. My! That would bring tears to your eyes quicker than all the hymns in the world."

"I presume that must be a 'Pai Low,' is it not, Dr. Holloway?" inquired Miss Robinson of the consul, as she pointed to a high marble arch a short distance away. "One of those famous structures erected in honor of widows of rank who committed suicide after their husbands' death?" The consul, however, had slipped out of his chair and gone forward to give some orders to the boys, and so young Mr. Weatherby volunteered the answer in his place.

"If that's what it is—and I guess you must be right about it, for you have certainly devoured the guide book—I think it ought to be called 'High Low' instead of 'Pai Low'; a mighty high ideal and a mighty low practice, say I. And speaking of things high and low, what do you say to a high Scotch and soda and a low lemonade, Miss Alice?"

"Delightful!" said the sweet voice at his side. "On the one condition that you keep to the higher level yourself and allow me to walk upon the lower!"

The next day brought them to the end of the lake and to the entrance of the Grand canal spanned by the famous Bridge of Lions. This ancient structure of granite, erected centuries ago in the glorious days of the Tai Ching emperors, received its name from the two stone images of the king of beasts which guarded its approach from the north. (It is never considered necessary in China to place any guards at the south, as only good and friendly influences ever come from that direction.) The tourists were not only interested in the carved figures themselves, and in the curious stone balls which they rolled around in their mouths after the manner of tongues, but in the legend of the neighborhood, which told of their supernatural preservation, and led them to be called "Feu Sien" or the "Floating Genii." It seemed that a great mandarin of the district, being personally hostile to the governor of the province, at whose expense the bridge was built and kept up, ordered the stone lions to be secretly removed at night, carried out on boats and thrown into the depths of the lake. The following morning groans and wails were heard at early dawn by the villagers, and when they went out to ascertain the cause, to their surprise but unspeakable delight, they found the two lions floating on the surface of the water and slowly drifting in to the shore at their feet. Three different times the thing was repeated and three different times the people dragged them to the beach and set them up again on their pedestals. Then the vengeance of the gods fell upon the mandarin and he and all his family were drowned in the waters of the self-same lake by the upsetting of his junk in a storm.

"What a strange story!" exclaimed Miss Robinson. "That idea of the vengeance of the gods seems to meet us everywhere we go. Everybody seems, either intentionally or accidentally to be doing something to offend them, and then in the end the gods come back and wreak their vengeance upon them."

"Well, that's about the sum and substance of the heathen's religion," remarked her father.

"I wonder if the Chinese gods would take serious offense at anything we foreigners did, and whether they would come down with their vengeance upon us."

"They most assuredly would, and probably with heavier punishment than they would upon their own countrymen."

"Well," chimed in young Weatherby, "it would be lots of fun to try it, wouldn't it?"

"Why, George! How shocking in you to talk that way——" she said before she quite realized that she was addressing him by his personal name.

"Oh! I don't mean to do anything real bad or wicked, you know—that is, I don't mean to commit a crime, but just to do a little something that would be irritating and then to see what sort of a vengeance a Chinese god or idol would wreak upon a foreigner."

"Well, that wouldn't be so bad, I suppose—in fact, now that I think it over, it would be rather interesting to see just how it would work out, wouldn't it? Perhaps there will be some chance for us to test it before long."

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THE testing of the wrath of the native gods came much sooner and in a far different way than either of them realized at the time. That very evening they saw a crowd of villagers and boatmen gathering around the approach to the head of the bridge. From the shrieking and yelling they naturally concluded that something out of the ordinary had happened and so they sent the number two boy ashore to find out the cause of the trouble. When he returned he announced:

"Dat joss man velly angly! Hab talkee some man he makes stealee all samee lion him tonguee. No can talkee any more. Sposee can catchee dat tiefee, must makee thlow him water side tie big stonee!"

"They evidently are in considerable excitement," remarked Consul Holloway, "and it might be just as well for us to go a little further down the canal. Not that I fear any actual attack upon us, for I am not an alarmist at all, but I have been in this country long enough to know that it doesn't pay to irritate them unnecessarily, and, in fact, that the old advice to the griffins is true——"

"And what might that he?" asked Dr. Robinson.

"Why, simply this: 'In case of any native trouble, always run in the opposite direction!'"

"And what do you understand the boy to say is the cause of the trouble? His pidgin English is just so much jargon to me——"

"Why," replied the consul, "he says that the priest of the little shrine across the way there is in a state of great anger because some one has broken and carried away the little stone ball that the lion rolls around in his mouth for a tongue and that this prevents his talking and roaring. He threatens, if the culprit is caught, to tie a great stone around his neck and to drown him in the depths of the lake."

"But they surely don't suspect us of being guilty of a theft of that kind?" asked the reverend gentleman, beginning to feel just a trifle apprehensive for the safety of himself and family.

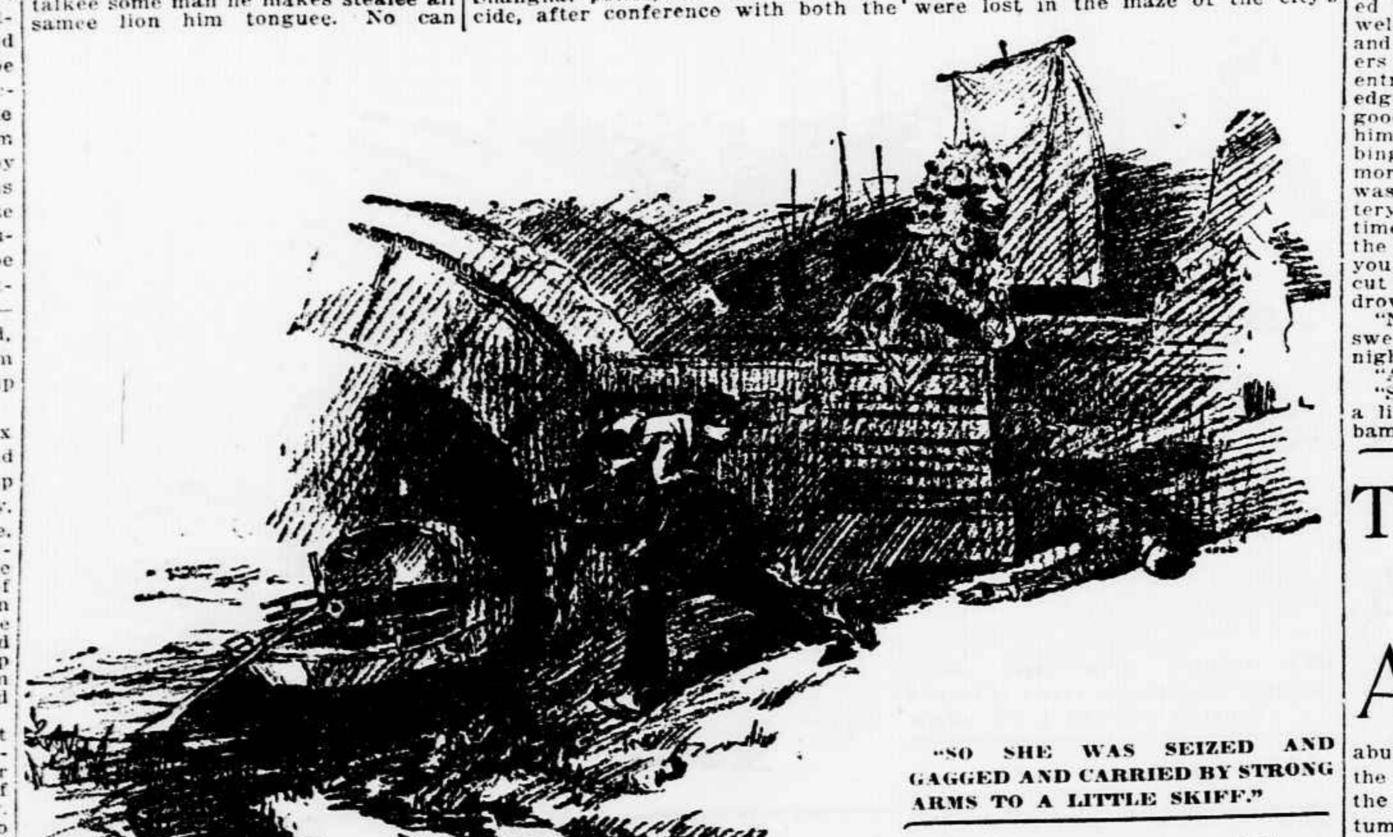
"Apparently not yet," replied Dr. Holloway thoughtfully, "but at any moment some one may raise the cry that the foreigner is guilty, and then it would spread like wildfire and we should be mobbed before we knew it. I think we had better pass the word along to the low-dah (head boatman) to quietly slip away at midnight—you see if we pull out now it might only excite their suspicions."

As the evening wore away the excitement quieted down and the crowd gradually dispersed, until by 10 o'clock the coast was entirely clear. All the party had gone below to their cabins, except Mr. George and Miss Alice, who were lingering for a farewell look at the Bridge of Lions, which they felt they might never see again.

"You know," he whispered, "I've a great mind to just run ashore there and see if they really did steal the little stone tongue-ball out of that critter's mouth, or whether it is all a fake, as the boys say at home. Miss Alice, I double-dare you to go with me——"

"Sir knight, your taunting challenge is accepted!" she replied, just as anxious to gratify her curiosity as he was. So stretching a bamboo boathook from the deck-rail to the shore, he led her across the plank which the low-dah had left there, and in a moment or two they stood by the side of the old stone image. He raised his hand and placed it in the lion's open mouth—sure enough, the stone tongue was gone and the king of the forest was speechless!

As he stepped down from the pedestal a well aimed blow from a dark figure that had been crouching behind it felled him to the ground. Before the young lady by his side could even utter a cry for help she was seized and gagged and carried by strong arms to a little skiff moored behind the shrine. Here she was deposited on the floor boards with no more care or ceremony than a bag of rice, and before she had time to come to her senses and realize anything that was happening the boat and its burden were being rapidly sculled across the lake!



"SO SHE WAS SEIZED AND GAGGED AND CARRIED BY STRONG ARMS TO A LITTLE SKIFF."

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THE North China Daily News just two days later startled the whole foreign community by the following head lines:

"Mysterious Disappearance of a Young American Lady!
Was She Stolen, Murdered or Accidentally Drowned?"

Then followed the account of the consul's house-boat party and everything that had occurred up to the time of the fatal evening by the Bridge of Lions. It told how the form of young Mr. Weatherby—all bleeding and unconscious—had been found at the head of the bridge by the low-dah just as they were about to get under way, and how the most careful search failed to reveal any trace of Miss Robinson. It told how they hurried back to Soochow and telegraphed from there to Shanghai and notified the native officials, who promised to send soldiers at once to the scene to investigate. It told how the American doctor at the Mission Hospital in Soochow had treated the patient and how it was not until he had brought him back to consciousness that they learned that he and Miss Alice had gone ashore together to take a last look at the historic stone lions.

At the American consulate all was confusion and anxiety. Official notification had, of course, been sent to the legation at Peking and special orders from the foreign office had come to the tao tai direct to immediately send every assistance that the consul required, and Capt. Wheaton, the United States marshal, was to accompany them to the spot. A week of searching and investigation, however, brought no comfort to the hearts of the grief-stricken parents, and they began to give up practically every hope of unraveling the mystery of their daughter's disappearance. The most trying thing of all was just the uncertainty of it, and they would have felt it a blessed relief if they could have been really assured of her death. None of the villagers or boatmen had seen her; no trace of her body had been found in the lake, though the large foreign and native rewards had called out every species of boat and craft in the neighborhood, and it was not likely that she could have wandered away over the surrounding rice fields. "Hsu tze! Mo kan poo kien liow!" was all the natives said, i.e.: "She has vanished, she is no longer visible!" Of course, no one of them ventured to give an out-and-out opinion, for fear of being dragged before the mandarins and possibly submitted to torture, and so, in the usual Chinese non-committal way, they all mutually agreed to say nothing. That is, they said nothing out loud, but when the darkness fell and all was quiet in the little village homes, it began to be whispered about here and there that it was, to say the least, a most remarkable thing that the foreign young lady and the tongue of the lion disappeared at the very same time! Was there—could there by any possibility be—any connection whatever between the two? That was one of the questions that puzzled Joseph McArthur, chief inspector of the Shanghai police, and led him to decide, after conference with both the British and American consuls, that it was absolutely necessary to call Wang Foo in upon the case, for all the time and the trouble and the money expended upon the native officers and constables had so far produced absolutely nothing.

So the cables flashed the call for the great detective to his modest home in the Red Cloud alley at Hongkong, and in less than twenty-four hours he was steaming northward along the China coast.

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"AH! Mr. Wang, I declare! The promptest man on all our force, if I may have the honor of including him in our number," exclaimed the inspector as he greeted the man of mystery, who was just stepping out of his jinrikisha in front of headquarters. "Delighted to see you, sir, but we didn't expect you for a day or two yet."

"I like to delay as little as possible when a life is at stake," modestly replied Wang Foo, "and I understand, from the little I have heard, that this is a case of that kind, inspector, is it not?"

"I regret to say it is, sir."

"Well, we have no time to lose. Let us go into the inner office and hear the whole story from beginning to end." And suiting the action to the word, the two detectors of crime passed within and securely closed the doors.

"You see," remarked the inspector, as they came to the end of the interview, "there are several different possibilities——"

"No," interrupted his visitor, "there are not several; there are but two, and two only. She has either been drowned or kidnaped, and I am already strongly of the opinion that it is the latter. But I don't want that opinion to leak out, and so you will please consider it absolutely secret for the present."

"Securely locked and sealed," as the post office men say of the mailbags," smiled the inspector as he tapped the top of his head significantly with his pipe stem. "And you will start for the Bridge of Lions at once, I take it?"

"No, not at once; I must see all the members of the party first, and that will take several days, and then when I start for the scene of the tragedy"—he paused and waved his hand significantly from right to left, as the Chinese always do to indicate ignorance—"why, no one will know it, don't you see?"

So back to his old room at the basketmaker's home he hurried for a soothing bowl of tea, a quiet smoke and an opportunity to think over all that he had heard from the police. The next few days were spent in the consulate, where he was most cordially received by Dr. Holloway, and where every opportunity was given him to interrogate the members of the houseboat party—all except George Weatherby, who was still detained by the American surgeons at the hospital, though rapidly recovering from his injuries. He also made careful examinations of all the consular servants who had accompanied the party, and who, by special courtesy of the provincial authorities, had been released from imprisonment and permitted to return to their duties. It only remained for him to find the boatman and his crew, and these he knew to be in durance vile in the old city jail. So, after a private interview with the patient at the hospital, he made his preparations to call upon his excellency the tao tai at his "ya men" or official residence.

Declining the kind invitation of the consul to use his official sedan—for he knew full well that Chinese mandarins are always prejudiced against any native visitor that uses a foreign conveyance—he engaged a complete outfit from a local furnisher and in the morning appeared at the ya men gates with uniformed bearers and runners. He sent in his large red paper card to the office of the secretary and was promptly admitted to the hall of reception, where the inevitable tea and pipes were waiting on the carved ebony tables, and from here, after a half hour's delay, he was ushered into the private inner chamber (known in the ya men as "Behind the Green Curtain"), where his old friend the tao tai was waiting to receive him.

"Nien ya! Nien ya! Lao hiung tze hiang moo hwai pei yen!" ("'Tis years! 'Tis years, since the outline of my venerable brother has passed before my humble eyes!") was his cordial welcome, and

"Tai foo! Tai foo! Keng hiung poo kang tang!" ("Grand is the honor! Grand is the honor, of which thy humble brother is quite unworthy!") was the corresponding answer of Wang Foo, as they both bowed down to the very ground.

After the ceremonial preliminaries and the usual inquiries as to health and happiness, his excellency rose and asked: "Is it in the interests of the brotherhood?"

Wang Foo did not answer by words, but drawing the lighted taper from his pipeholder, he made three circles of fire in the air, and in the center drew the mystic symbol "tao," the ancient warning of death to him who reveals the secrets of the order.

"'Tis well, then, let us proceed!" And, summoning the attendants to close every door and window, they sat in secret conclave for an hour. At the end of this time they had the boatman and his crew brought before them, but all the carefully directed questions of the detective added nothing to the simple fact of their having found the form of young Mr. Weatherby that night before sailing lying senseless at the foot of the great stone lion.

"Shall we press the questions further?" inquired the Tao Tai, with a significant finger pointing to the torture irons in the court yard. The poor prisoners kneeling on the ground trembled as they heard the words, for they knew only too well their meaning. Thinking that their fate lay in Wang Foo's hands, they turned to him and begged for mercy. "Lao ye! Lao ye! Fak lien ming, poo jin muk zoi, muk zoi!" ("Venerable father! Venerable father! Have mercy, have mercy! Thy servants are sinless, they are indeed!"

Their appeal was not in vain, although he had practically made up his mind to free them before they spoke, so turning to his brother he said: "Your excellency, they are as innocent as I am. I beg you to release them and let them go to their homes."

"It shall be done as the grand old man requests!" was the answer, and invoking all the blessings of the Buddhas Three upon them, the lowdah and his boatmen dashed out through the Ya Men courts and soon were lost in the maze of the city's streets. Wang Foo remounted his sedan and returning to the basketmaker's home, likewise made his own preparations to be lost to the world for a season.

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THE entire European colony at Shanghai had extended its sympathy to Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Robinson, who were well-nigh inconsolable at the loss of their daughter, and his excellency the Tao Tai had called upon them in person (under orders from the viceroy) to express his very great regrets at the occurrence. In his mind, as in that of the consuls and the police, there was really nothing of an anti-foreign nature in the attack at all. They looked upon it simply as an attack by lake pirates for the purposes of robbery. Supposing that the parties on the house-boat were armed, they had waited until some of them came ashore and then had suddenly fallen upon them and beaten them senseless. They had left the young gentleman dying at the foot of the bridge and the body of the young lady they had undoubtedly thrown into the lake. The local magistrate had been apprehended by the soldiers from Soo Chow and was now consigned—probably for life—to a dungeon under the governor's palace.

Naturally all the plans of the party for the 'round-the-world tour had to be given up. Mr. and Mrs. Weatherby insisted on remaining with the Robinsons in Shanghai until every effort for the finding of Miss Alice—dead or alive—had been exhausted. Even if they had decided to go on, they would have had to make the journey alone, for George, their son, whose conscience was continually preying upon him as being the real cause of the tragedy, and whose interest in the fair young victim's future was something far deeper than a mere passing friendship, had openly resolved never to leave the shores of China until the great mystery of his life was solved.

Nearly two weeks had passed by since Wang Foo bade civilization farewell and as yet no communication had come from him, when suddenly he appeared in person at headquarters and sought an interview with the chief.

"Mr. McArthur," he began, "I bring you news of the greatest importance. Miss Robinson has been found!"

"Dead or alive?" asked the inspector, hardly daring to wait for the answer.

"Alive!"

"Thank God for that! Now where is she and how is she?"

"She is alive and well, though weak from the very hard experience she has been through. She is not very far away from here, but I am not free to make her whereabouts known as yet. In fact, her very life may depend upon our secrecy."

"The bandits have her, then, and are holding her for ransom, I suppose, with the usual threat to take her life ifthey are not paid?"

"No! There are no bandits and there is no ransom, but there is a very subtle danger to her life, and that is the thing that I must safeguard."

"But can't we tell this good news to her parents at once? Her poor mother is just about at the breaking-up point from the long suspense——"

"Don't breathe a word to them about my having been here. Simply say that you have received a message from me and that I am very hopeful that the daughter may be found. I don't want any risk or slip in this thing, and if they once hear that she is alive and then that she has been slain it will be worse than ever."

"Right you are. I see your point," said the inspector as he took his cap from the wall and rang for his jinrickshaw.

From police headquarters Wang Foo wended his way through the Shanghai streets to the "Sheng Leu Kwo Yak Fang" or "Drug Establishment of the Sacred Deer Horns" and purchased of the Cantonese clerk (who happened to be a native of his self-same province) a vial of the strongest sleeping draught that could be compounded of foreign or of native drugs. What could he be going to use it for? Let us follow him and see.

Leaving the settlement, he took the afternoon passenger launch for Soo Chow and, passing the night there in a native inn, hired a horse and a coolie to take him the next day to the village of Ting Ting Hoo (or Listening Tiger), which was about a mile away from the shore of the lake and a little over two miles from the stone Bridge of Lions. He walked along between the rice fields until he came to a dense thicket of bamboos and, turning into it, wound his way along a tortuous path which brought him at last to a little shrine by the water's edge. He entered and knelt beside the old priest, who was chanting his evening prayers to his idols. A curious repulsive creature was this lonely proprietor of the lake-side shrine, with his bulging eyes and teeth like tusks and the general make-up of a Caliban, making even the hardened detective shudder as he looked at him.

"Venerable father," began Wang Foo, "I have brought the sacred remedy that shall relieve your pain——"

"Ah! Thanks be to all the Buddhas for that," replied the priest, "for the fever is coming back again and my head begins to throb. I might have to slay the monkey-devil this very night instead of waiting for the lions' feast on the third day of the rising moon! Behold and read this." And he drew out from behind the bronze idol an ancient scroll and held it to the light. It contained these words:

"The monkey-devil may cut out the lion's tongue; if so, he dies upon the Lions' feast, and he who slays him receives the blessing of the gods!"

How had Wang Foo come into these surroundings, and what was he doing there? Why, just this: He had made up his mind, after a day or two's sojourn in the little tavern hard by the Bridge of Lions (where he was disguised as a wandering physician from Yun Nan) that there was a very direct connection between the disappearance of Miss Robinson and the theft of the stone tongues of the lions. He also discovered that both the rolling stones had been removed and there was a strong undercurrent of feeling that the foreigners in the house-boat had taken them, and the strange thing was that they had been taken on two different days. He also ascertained the very significant fact that the half-witted priest had visited the bridge on the very day that the first stone had been taken and was overheard to have cursed the "monkey-devils" that did it, but as he was wont to mutter all sorts of curses on all sorts of people nobody paid any special attention to him, and his words were treated as the harmless gibbering of a lunatic.

Our detective, however, determined to follow him to his lair, and after many hours' wanderings he discovered him in the lake-side shrine. His welcome was anything but cordial, and he had to make use of all his powers of the hypnotic art to secure an entrance into his cabin. His knowledge of medicine also stood him in good stead, for he was able to relieve him—at least partially—of a throbbing headache. Feeling more and more certain every moment that he was nearing the solution of his mystery, he waited until the auspicious time, and then turning suddenly to the priest he asked: "And what did you do with the monkey-devil who cut out the lion's tongue? Did you drown him in the depths of the lake?"

"Not yet! Not yet!" was the answer. "I am saving him for the third night of the rising moon——"

"And where is he now?"

"Safely locked in there," pointing to a little cabin hidden in a cluster of bamboos. So it was the priest who had come over that night in his little skiff just at the time when the young people walked ashore. It was he who saw the monkey-devils, as he supposed, stealing the lions' tongues. It was he who struck down Mr. Weatherby and who carried Miss Robinson away prisoner and who believed that in so doing he was executing the vengeance of the gods! Now in a European tale the proper thing for the hero to have done would have been to instantly knock down or even kill the villain and then to have released the imprisoned maiden and bear her away in his arms to safety, while waiting for the gallery's applause, would it not? But you see, this was not Europe, but China, and that was what made all the difference in the world. So the rapidly working mind of Wang Foo planned it all out in an instant. He must not injure or slay the priest, and he must not allow the rescue by him of the lady to be known, for either of these things would throw the whole country 'round about into a state or excitement and the end would be worse than the beginning. No! It was believed that the unseen spirits had stolen the lady away in the first place, and it was far better that they should continue to believe that the same spirits had taken her away from the priest. Hence his rushing trip back to Shaghai, his secret announcement to the police and his hurrying back with the medicine. To his intense relief, the monkey-devil was unharmed and the moment of her release was at hand!

He poured out a cup of native wine, stirred up in it the sleeping draught and gave it to the unsuspecting priest, who in a short time afterwards fell into the deepest slumber. When all was safe he stepped softly across the yard and drew back the bolts of the bamboo cabin, and there, crouching in a corner on a bundle of matting, was Miss Robinson, alive and safe, but sadly worn with the awful experience she had been through!

"Miss Alice!" he said, feeling that she would respond more quickly to her personal name, "I have come to save you. Rise up instantly and follow me without a question!"

"But who are you, sir?" she asked as she opened her eyes in astonishment and instinctively started to obey the voice of authority.

"Never mind who I am now, you will get acquainted with me later. Throw that cloak about you and be seated in the skiff!" And seizing the oars he shot out onto the surface of the lake. An hour's rowing or more brought him into the line of the Hang Chow passenger junks, and hailing one as it drew near, he engaged passages for himself (as a physician) and for Miss Robinson (as a patient) back to Shanghai, and in less than forty-eight hours she was resting comfortably in the upper room of the basketmaker's home.

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"HOW very thoughtful in you, Mr. Wang, to arrange for us all to have the family meeting together in this way," said Mrs. Robinson on the afternoon of the day that the doctor had said that Mr. Weatherby could leave the hospital and that Miss Alice would be able to join them all at the consulate.

"Well," smiled the great detective, "I thought that under the circumstances—and you know I have seen and heard and thought a good deal about these two young people, and the wonderful way that this accident has interwoven their lives—I thought that under the circumstances it wouldn't be out of the way for us older ones, even their parents, to just step into the background for a moment and let them have the first reunion themselves."

"That comes a little hard for a mother's heart, Mr. Wang, but after saving our daughter's life there is nothing that we would not do for you——"

They were standing on the steps of the consulate as they spoke, when Mr. Weatherby and Dr. Robinson suddenly drove up in their carriage and called out to the two anxious mammas that George insisted on driving around alone.

"And Alice will be brought by——?" asked the ladies of Wang Foo.

"By the very best person in all the world to bring her," he answered, just as the consular coupe drove up to the steps, and the proud and happy George, without even a vestige of a bandage left on his head, handed out to the devoted parents the form of their long-lost daughter!

"And you planned to have him bring her, I know you did, Mr. Wang," said her father.

"Oh! The longest way 'round is the shortest way home, you know, and he didn't see why he couldn't stop at the basketmaker's on the way—and neither did I."

"Why, George, what in the world are you carrying that golf ball around in your coat pocket for?" asked Alice.

"Golf ball?" said George as he drew out the little granite sphere, why that isn't any golf ball, that's the tongue of the other old stone guardian of the Bridge of Lions that I crooked the day before and never said a word to any one about it!"

THE RAMBLER WRITES OF THE CHARM OF HISTORIC OLD ANALOSTAN ISLAND

A FAVORITE Excursion Place of Years Ago—More From the Book of David Baillie Warden, Written in 1816 and Published in Paris—A Bulletin of the Washington Biological Society—A Number of Old Wills Discovered and Quoted—The Property of Gen. Mason.

ANALOSTAN Island is a seedy, weedy place, but when its old master, Gen. John Mason, lived there it was a place of abundant charm. The top point of the ridge, which runs lengthwise in the middle of the island, is marked by tumbled ruins of stone and brick, though some tall and battered walls are standing. Deep broad pits, heavy walled with gray stone and marked by massive transverse walls, yawn in the jungle of shrubbery, mostly ailanthus, that has overgrown them.

These pits were the cellars and storerooms and the walls were the foundation of the old house. There was a wide portico on that side of the house facing Georgetown. On the Little river side of the house and a few paces up the island—that is, in the direction of the Aqueduct bridge—are heaps of ruins—brick, stone and mortar. These were outhouses of the mansion—meathouse, spinning house, laundry, carriage house and perhaps "quarters" of the field hands. Spots where other and later buildings stood may be made out. One was the pavilion of Tony Rodier when Analostan Island was a summer excursion place, where the grand and great-grand parents of many of you who are trying to get interested in this story took their outings on holidays and June evenings. You can trace where the icehouses of the Great Falls Ice Company stood when that company used to cut ice in Little river, the quiet stream between the island and Virginia shore. The spot where stood the happy (at one time) and picturesque island clubhouse of the Columbia Athletic Club can be picked out. Traces of roads and many paths may be seen on the island, which, for the most part, is upgrown in bushes and scrubby trees, though a few venerable trees of woodland size escaped the ax of poachers.

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For two Sundays in succession the Rambler has turned for you the pages of an old book printed in Paris in 1816, and written by David Baillie Warden, a man of whose history the Rambler has so far been able to learn almost nothing. He visited the District of Columbia, was received by many of the families having that quality called "social standing," and among those he tells of visiting were the Custises, presumably of Arlington, and the Masons of Analostan Island. Warden was a naturalist and made a series of observations of plant and animal life on the island and in other parts of the District which may be called "classic," though it is hard to define to an inquisitive man what "classic" means. The Rambler uses it because it has an important and cultured look, because other great writers have lugged it in when they wanted to be impressive, and because it is a word that has become associated in your minds with things that some of you do not know anything about, such as Greek statuary, Latin poetry and Beethoven music. When the Rambler sees down the word "classic" in relation to Mr. Warden's work on Analostan Island he means that Warden was probably the first man to write of the flora and fauna of the island, and that his writings are accepted as satisfactory by scientific men today. Of course, the Rambler could have said that without bringing in the word "classic" and discussing it, but how can a man interest his readers merely by giving them facts?

The Rambler got on the trail of this Baillie Warden book by seeing quotations from it in a bulletin of the Biological Society of Washington, a bulletin which is entitled, "A Sketch of the Natural History of the District of Columbia, Together With an Indexed Edition of the U. S. Geological Survey's 1917 Map of Washington and Vicinity, by W. L. McAtee." It says that "many definite observations on the natural history of the District are recorded in a charming little book published in Paris in 1816. It has rather the forbidding title of "A Chorographical and Statistical Description of the District of Columbia," but the contents are enlivened by shrewd comment on social customs of that day and enriched by informing references to many plants and animals. The author is David Baillie Warden, who was upon consular duty in Washington. He dedicated his book to Mrs. Custis, who, we are informed in the introduction, accompanied him on some of his excursions."

ONE OF THE OLD TRAILS.

In another place it is written: "Mr. Warden evidently spent some time upon Analostan Island, and his notes form a fairly complete sketch of its natural history. At any rate they are far more than has since been written on that place." The Washington Biological Society is authority for the statement that the first scientific paper thus far brought to light which mentions a plant possibly obtained within the limits of District of Columbia flora is entitled "Remarks by Mr. James Petiver, Apothecary and Fellow of the Royal Society, on Some Animals, Plants, Etc., Sent Him From Maryland by the Rev. Mr. Hugh Jones," and which paper was published in London in 1698. The next specific mention of a plant from the region of the District flora appears to be that of Gronovius in the Flora Virginica of 1762. This flora based on material collected by Dr. John Clayton, might better be known as "Clayton's Flora Virginica." In this connection do you know that one of the early and beautiful flowers which grow at your feet as you walk through moist woodland around Washington, is named for Dr. Clayton? You call this little flower "spring beauty," but its official name is Claytonia Virginica.

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Mr. McAtee says that search of Nuttall's "Sylva," Purch's "Flora" and Michauxs' "Flora" and "Sylva" have revealed no definite record of plants from the vicinity of the District, and that is rather surprising, since all those botanists visited this locality and Nuttall worked in Washington upon the collections of the National Institute. The visit of Andre Michaux is recorded in Washington's diary under date of June 19, 1786, the entry being: "A Mons. Andre Michaux, a botanist, sent by the court of France to America, visited, dined and returned to New York, whence he had come." Subsequent entries relate to plants sent by Michaux to Washington and set out in the ground at Mount Vernon. Mr. McAtee wrote: "The first formal list of plants of the District of Columbia appeared in David Baillie Warden's Chorographical and Statistical Description of the District of Columbia. The list is entitled Florula Columbiana and contains 142 species identified by the celebrated botanist, Joseph Correa de Serra, ambassador from Portugal to the United States."

That was the first published list of District plants, but it was not the first list prepared, for in the biological bulletin there is a foot note which says that "Rafinesque informs us that he prepared a Florula Columbica, or catalogue of the plants found in the District of Columbia, in 1804, which he gave to Dr. B. S. Barton for insertion in the Philadelphia Medical and Physical Journal. Dr. Barton in 1806 acknowledged this to be a fact and promised to publish the catalogue with additions, a forecast not fulfilled."

In tracing the history of Analostan Island, the Rambler told you in a previous narrative that the island passed from John Mason to the Bank of the United States, then to John Carter of Georgetown, who died in 1850, and that Carter's executor, John Marbury, sold the island to William A. Bradley. In Bradley's will, executed August 7, 1866, and probated September 3, 1867, there is no mention of Analostan Island, but it passed under that will with his other estate A copy of the old will is before the Rambler. After directing the payment of his just debts and funeral expenses, he bequeathes "all of my estate, real, personal and mixed, of whatever kind it may be and wherever situated, to my son, William A. Bradley, jr., and my cousin, A. Thomas Bradley, their heirs, executors and administrators, the survivor of them, his heirs, executor or administrator, in trust: First, the house in which I now reside on New York avenue, together with all and singular household effects, including pictures, plate, books and other chattels now therein or therein at the time of my death, to my dear wife, to be held exclusively by her for and during her natural life, and out of the net income derived from my estate of every sort to pay her one equal third per annum or quarter-yearly, as she may prefer, so long as she may live." He directs that the trustees shall divide his estate into "four equal parts, as nearly as in their judgment and valuation can be done." He directs that one part shall go to his son, William A. Bradley, jr., "one part to the chld of my said son now or hereafter born in lawful wedlock; one part to my daughter, Jeanette H. Linton, and one part to my daughter, Sidney T. Edelin, whose portion shall embrace the property owned by me in Corning, Steuben county, N. Y."

The witnesses to the will were Samuel L. Phillips, Benjamin G. Lovejoy and Joseph H. Bradley, jr. The revenue stamps attached to the will were $43.50. In the proceedings in the probate court the testator was described as William A. Bradley, late of Washington county.

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In the same "will book" in which one finds the will of Mr. Bradley, are other wills that caught the Rambler's eyes and awakened memories. Perhaps you might like to hear about them? Perhaps if you should turn the pages of that book you would come upon many wills which would bring the past before you. There was the will of George Washington Young, "of the county of Washington." He was George Washington Young of Gisborough, now spelled Giesboro, one of the wealthy men of the Eastern branch country. The revenue stamps attached to his will were $87.50. Mr. Young's will was executed February 15, 1860, and probated March 19, 1867. Glancing through it, the Rambler sees mention of the testator's wife, Henrietta E. Young, and his sons, Joseph N. Young and Washington A. Young.

George Washington Young bought Gisborough, in 1833, from the heirs of Dr. John Thomas Shaaf of Annapolis, who bought it from John Addison in 1809, who had it by descent from the immigrant, Col. John Addison, who got it by marriage with Rebecca Wilkinson Dent, widow of —— Dent, and it grieves the Rambler that among his notes he cannot find the full name of this early settler Dent. The Rambler believes that this Dent was the patentee of the land, and called it Gisborough, after the Dent home near Gisborough, in Yorkshire, England. On the other hand, the Rambler feels that Gisborough may cover land included in patents issued in 1662 to George Thompson of Charles county. But he will not take the time tonight to settle that question. The adjoining tract, St. Elizabeth, goes back to a Thompson patent. The Dents were very early owners of Gisborough, and gave it its name, and for all useful purposes it does not matter whether Dent bought it from the proprietary of Maryland or from Thompson.

George Washington Young was the son of Nicholas Young of Nonesuch.

Within a few pages of the Bradley and Young will is that of Walter D. Addison of Cole Brook, Prince Georges county. Cole Brook is an old farm between Hamilton road, now Alabama avenue, and Oxon run. In that neighborhood the southeast boundary line of the District runs along the northern slope of the valley of Oxon run, and until seeing the will, the Rambler believed that the old Addison house of Cole Brook was within the District. His will was executed February 16, 1860, and probated May 12, 1866. He makes bequests to his brother, Anthony Addison, and nephew, William J. Addison, and says he makes no bequest to other brothers and sisters, not because he does not love them, but "because they have been provided for otherwise." The witnesses to the will are James L. Addison, Margaretta Addison and John Addison. This Walter D. Addison was Walter Dulaney Addison. His brother Anthony, who married Mary Julia Thompson, lived at Cole Brook and died there in 1871.

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The father of Anthony and Walter Dulaney Addison was John Addison of Cole Brook, born in 1750. That John was descended from the first John Addison, who came to Maryland in 1660. He obtained a number of large tracts of land by patent and by marriage with the Widow Dent. Several years ago the Rambler wrote of the will of Thomas Addison, son of John Addison the first, and in that will the testator made disposition to his children of the following tracts: St. Elizabeth, 1,430 acres; Gisborough, 850; Discontent, 512; Barnabee, 545; Carwick, 100; Gleaning, 340; his part of Locust Thicket, 370; Maddox Folly, 34; Berry, 300; Pasture, 260; Prevention, 336; Union, 393; Berwick-upon-Tweed, 290; Brothers' Joynt Interest, 236; Nonesuch, 106; North Britton, 300; Chichester, 400; Addition to Chichester, 209; "my part of Friendship at the Eastern branch, in partnership with Mr. Abington, 420"; "my share of a tract called Friendship, lying on the Falls branch near the Falls of the Potomac, 1,000"; White Haven, 400; Philip and Jacob, 400; Bachelor's Harbor, 300; Swann Harbor, 345, and Strife, 396. The farm called Cole Brook is believed to have been the early Addison tract called "Brothers Joynt Interest."

Not many pages away is the will of Matthew E. Duvall, and the Rambler believes he identifies him as one of the Eastern Branch Duvalls by the fact that he mentions Dr. Benjamin Bird. Dr. Bird was widely known and universally esteemed in Prince Georges county and the trans-Anacostia section of the District during the '60s and '70s. Mat Duvall directs in his will that after payment of his debts his property shall be "divided between William Irvin, son of William Pinkney, and Martha Brooke, and I want him, Mr. William P. Brooke, to be my administrator and prosecute my lawsuit and divide as above stated." He further directs: "If anything is obtained from my negroes I want it equally divided between Dr. Benjamin Bird, jr., and Charles F. Perrie." The witnesses were Joseph Borrows, Samuel L. Phillips and Charlotte Crack.

The Rambler believes that he will stir recollections of old East Washington people when he tells that a few pages away from the Young, Addison and Duvall wills is that of Adam Gaddis, witnessed October 6, 1860, by James Bright, James D. Pennington and William H. Ward, and probated August 27, 1867. He bequeaths his property to his wife, Julia Ann, and his daughter, Rosalie, wife of Henry Otterback. Close by is the will of Otto Boswell, attested and probated in July, 1865, in which the testator directs that Dr. Edwin V. B. Boswell "continue the drugstore at the corner of 7th street and Virginia avenue."

In telling the story of Analostan Island the Rambler has mentioned that there were Masons living in Georgetown who seemed not closely related to John Mason of Analostan, but who were probably members of the Mason family, an extensive one in Virginia and Maryland. In the old book, in which the Rambler read the will of William A. Bradley is that of T. T. Mason "of the county and city of Washington," probated April 25, 1860. The testator mentions his sons, Nicholas Carroll Mason, John T. Mason, William T. T. Mason and Charles C. Mason; daughters, Maria Louisa Mason and Mary Carter Mason, and grandchildren, Thomas Henry Mason Magill, Ann Elizabeth Mason Magill and Ann E. T. Magill. He disposes of his slaves, Florence, daughter of Rosina, and Dick, son of Susan. The witnesses were: John Ambler, John W. Bronaugh and Eilbeck Mason. The revenue stamps attached were $17.50. In the Chronicles of Georgetown, published by Richard P. Jackson, following a paragraph on "Mason's Island, former residence of the late Gen. Mason," is this: "Just above the town on the north bank of the river is located the former 'Columbian Foundry,' belonging to the late John Mason, formerly called Foxall's foundry, where were manufactured cannon, shot and shell that were used in the late war with Great Britain. Since Mason's death the property has been sold and is now used for milling purposes and a distillery." Mr. Jackson wrote that in 1878 and one might infer that "the late John Mason" had not been dead many years. Mr. Jackson's work is very valuable, but it gives no information of any connection, if there was any connection, between Gen. John Mason of Analostan Island and John Mason of "the former Columbian foundry, formerly called Foxall's foundry."

High Brows.

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON was one day condemning "high art." He said:

"The artist who self-consciously turns out work that the general public can't understand—well, he deserves the rebuke that Carlyle once got without deserving it.

"Carlyle was showing an old Scotch friend his soundproof room built on the top of his house in Chelsea. The old fellow examined the room, whence nothing from outside could either be seen or heard, and then he stid with a chuckle:

"'Man, it's grand! Here ye may study and write all the rest of your life, and nobody be one bit the wiser!'"